NOTICE.

The Circulation of the MINER is greater by 500 than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

McKean County Miner.

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The McKean County Miner.

I. ROGERS & SON, Proprietors.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

[Table illegible]

Judges Directory

F. & A. M.

McKEAN LODGE No. 302, F. & A. M. meets in Masonic Hall, Main street, Smethport, on the first Friday evening of each month, and every Friday evening thereafter. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. [illegible]

I. O. O. F.

Smethport Encampment, No. 273, I. O. O. F. meets in the First and Third Wednesdays of each month, at 7:30 o'clock, P. M. [illegible]

G. A. R.

[illegible]

K. of P.

[illegible]

W. C. T. U.

[illegible]

K. of H.

[illegible]

Knights of St. John and Malta.

[illegible]

Knights of St. Martin and the Iron Cross.

[illegible]

Churches

[illegible]

NOTICE TO BUILDERS

FIRST-CLASS QUARRY STONE

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TO CONSUMPTIVES

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Attorneys.

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My Heart's Delight.

By LOUISE STOCKTON.

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By that time the kettle had boiled, and Hale came in with a basket of grapes, and we talked no more of the matters, nor of the perplexities they presented.

But of Jack we did speak, and to the purpose before the day was over. The evening papers had come in, and Miss Woolstine had carried them off while Hale and I talked to an eminent rose cultivist who had just produced a new rose of a pink that was yellow, and a yellow that was pink.

All at once I heard a little cry, and Miss Woolstine appeared at the door opening into her room. Her face was white as snow, her eyes filled with horror. I did not wait for her to speak, but [illegible] office. For a moment she stood, still looking at me.

"I cannot tell you," she whispered.

"Is it bad news—bad news for me?"

She nodded her head like a dumb person.

Now, as my wife was dead and I had no child and I knew my office was safe, my heart beat still steadily as I took her hand in mine.

"Nothing dreadful can happen to me, my child. I am so poor that Hale has little to take from me. But you—do not be afraid to tell me—my poor girl."

She looked at me still with great horror in her eyes. She turned her head back and grasped for breath; her voice was choked and she could not speak.

"Do not distress yourself so." I held her hand firmly in my own. "If the trouble is mine do not so increase it; if it is yours, let me help you to bear it."

"It is Jack!" she gasped. "Jack! They have killed him! They have raided the office—they have killed him!"

Ah, I was not so poor! Fate had left me a possession—vague, not in my grasp, but still a possession, for it was Jack I had meant to know—Jack who was yet to be my son and to inherit my fortune. And so I in turn looked in horror at her.

"How do you know it?" I asked.

She pointed to the paper still in her hand. And there it was—all in headlines. A mob, an attack on The Hill Beacon, a defence, pistol shots, a dash into the office and a fearing out of all that was in it. Jack's body had been carried off by the mob.

And he was dead—the handsome, gay fellow who found life with me too [illegible] to try for a little! And he was my wife's nephew, and I had not tried to make the career I offered him pleasant and inviting! I sat down crushed and guilty, for at least I should have forced him to leave the miners, or cause his rating of the strikers. I could not look at Margaret. But in a moment she was kneeling by me, and she was telling me that he was not dead—no, no, not dead! "If he was dead they would not carry him away. He is alive—oh, you may be sure he is alive, and we [illegible] him, for he must be sorely hurt, and we will go to [illegible]."

"And you, my poor child," I answered.

"I cannot ask this of you. But you are right. He may not be dead, yet even if he is it is my duty to go. The scoundrels! The poor boy!"

The tears shone in her dark eyes, but she did not weep. She looked at me with a ghastly smile

"What would Jack say if you came without me? He would never believe me—never! And I—oh, do you think I could stay here? I should go mad, mad!"

"Margaret, you do not know what you say. You never knew my nephew, dear child."

She turned her head away as if in appeal. "Ask him that question. Why, he loved me. He told me that his love for me would be his death—and I laughed at that—yes, I did. I thought my fate far the hardest. But I could not tell him so. You see, the very wedding day was fixed, and I could not tell him that I loved him better than the man I was going to marry. Could I? You are his uncle, but you know I could not. Sometimes women have to listen when they cannot answer."

"I do not understand you, but you must be calmer. You must sit down, Hale, come up at once. I do not know whether she knows what she says."

"Indeed I know very well. It was I who killed him—I! He was desperate. He did not care. He told me he did not care."

Hale was standing at the door. Our visitor had vanished, and I looked in quite appeal to my friend, still feeling that the girl was distracted. But Hale understood. He came directly to her, took her in his strong grasp and made her sit down. He gave her a drink of water and sat down in front of her.

"Now," said he, "we will help you, but first you must control yourself and tell us so we can understand. If Jack is to be helped cool heads, not broken hearts, will have to do it. Crawford," and he turned to me, "sit down. You are as much upset as she is. Now what is the matter with Jack? It is Jack Lewis, your nephew, I suppose?"

I silently handed him the paper, and he read it without a word of comment. "And you knew him?" he said to Margaret.

She nodded her head. "And you were engaged to him?"

The color swept up over the face that had been so drawn and white.

"No," she answered, "I was not engaged to him." She looked from one to the other, put her hand to her throat—as if she was choking. Then she spoke:

"I will have to tell you! It was my fault, because I should have come away sooner. I met him in the Adirondacks last summer and we were in the same party because I was visiting the wife of an old college friend of his, and I thought there was no harm in it—in seeing him so often. I mean—because every one knew that I was engaged to my cousin. But the night before I left there he begged me to break the engagement, and he told me what was true, that I didn't love my cousin. But I did not know then that I could not marry Ned Mason. You see I had been engaged to him ever since I was 18, and I refused to even think of breaking it. Jack said some hard, hard things to me and I was angry with him. After I came home I found I could easier die than marry Ned. And my uncle was so violently disappointed that I had to leave the house. Then I came here."

The shadow of a smile passed over Hale's face, but I took her hand in mine.

"And you did rightly," I said. "I was the one to whom you should have come."

"But I came because I had so often watched you in church and thought there never was so kind a face, and I had heard how good you were to the girls you had here, and of course I had to earn some money; I would not take any from my uncle."

"I longed if for her. I went to her boarding house and brought her here, then I bought her ticket."

"Judas!" said I. "And I do not believe you saw her once."

"There was no use in seeing any one. Apollyon would not have stopped her. All I could do was to take a little care of her."

"I believe in my heart you encouraged her," I testily cried.

"Don't be unreasonable, Dan," said he. "Don't quarrel to-night, my boy. It is as much as I can stand to see you go off, and I declare I will go with you! Of course I will. I can look after Margaret and I love you true."

"And who will get this week's number out? No, no, Hale"—and I fell into line at the ticket office—"it wouldn't be wise. I'd do better by myself, and three of us would be ruin to everything. And I never did quarrel with you. Begin to-night? Not much. Reuben."

And so getting my ticket I went into the waiting room and found Margaret composed, alert and confident.

Hale pressed through the gate, carrying our bags, and when the train ran out of the station I glanced back out of the window and saw him trying to look like a woebegone face never did I see. He waved his hat as much as to say, "I knew you'd do it!" and I turned away.

CHAPTER III.

She sprang to her feet and she sang.

There was still a dim light in the sky, but the lamps were lighted in the car. People were preparing for the night's journey. Men were reading the evening papers as though every moment was a consideration, and in a seat opposite a woman was trying to soothe a baby, while another little one clung to her, begging to be lifted into her lap.

"A pleasant land-ait for the night," I said to Margaret, in a voice much too flat and empty of emotion to be natural.

"They are all dead with sleep now," said she, and in a moment that did she do but cross over and take the baby and toss it in her young, strong arms. The baby felt the change from the lax, nervous grasp of its mother, and burst into a crowing laugh, while the older child, interested, stopped whining and joined in the merriment. How did Margaret happen to have a sweet cracker in the shape of a horse in her pocket—she who abhorred "dry flour?" I think it came to her as all her other fairy gifts did, and it comforted more of us than the baby and the baby's brother. That horse cantered and walked. It hid itself, it jumped out of queer places, and was finally dissected and doled out in the most minute and everlasting particles. To see Margaret so full of resources did not surprise me. I was too much used to her fertility and freshness of mind to be astonished at anything, but the [illegible] and the equability of a most firm gentleness with which she managed both mother and children, as though she had no other care nor thought, did make me realize that the unexpected is the woman.

I had fancied I should have to comfort and sustain her, but behold she was not only in good spirits, but she took it for granted that I shared her resolute pushing back of fears that would awaken, and before the porter came to make the beds for the night I had ceased to worry. I had not forgotten nor ignored Jack's tragedy, but I reserved my strength, and being a man healthy and tired, I slept all night and waked in the morning in good spirits and well rested. But Margaret was pale, and the lines around her mouth were drawn and dejected. Yet she roused herself, and the rest of the day bore herself cheerfully and with patience. But neither of us now remembers that day's journey. We gazed out the window and talked of what we saw, but nothing was real to us. I felt as though we had left some horrid thing into a closet, and were holding the door into it in.

The day passed, the sun set, the twilight fell, and Margaret and I sat silent as we drew near our journey's end.

Tiger Hill was shrouded in mist and darkness when we entered it. By a lamp in the station a surly agent was making up a report from which he was loth to separate himself to do more than mutter that there was a hotel up the street where we might find lodgings for the night. Having thus answered he buried himself again in his papers; but looking back as we left the room I caught his eyes fixed upon us with a serious, suspicious expression that was not pleasant to me. But of this I did not speak to Margaret. She took my arm as we went out into the darkness. "Do you know," she said, "which is up and which down?"

We stood on the little platform and looked around us. The clouds had lightened enough for us to see the great hills vaguely outlined against the sky. The wind was rising and rustled in the treetops, and it seemed to us that we had been put out into the middle of a woods. Suddenly a light flared up and burned steadily away off in the distance.

"That," I said, "must be a lamp, and a lamp generally betokens a house. Don't you believe that direction is 'up'"

"It came out of the darkness like a signal," answered the girl, "and there is nothing for us to do but to go to it. We cannot plunge into darkness without some guide."

So we stepped off the boards and went warily along a path, which was not difficult to keep, so well trodden was it. We soon discovered, as our eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, that we were going through a small woods, and when after a time we came out of it we found a pathway of boards, so narrow that we could not walk abreast, but it gave us comfort, making us sure that we were on the right road. And so after a time we came to the light, and behold, it was the hotel to which we had been so vaguely directed. The house was a small wooden affair, not overclean and smelling of tobacco, but the only smoker was a woman, who sat by a stove with a pipe in her mouth. When we entered the open door she looked up, stared a moment and then called, "Liberty!"

Whether this was the goddess or not we did not know, but there was no answer. The woman then knocked the ashes out of her pipe into the sanded box in which the stove stood, and giving her voice a higher pitch, screamed again, "Liberty!" This invocation was more successful, and a thin, pale-haired youth strolled into the room. The woman nodded toward us. The boy looked at Margaret and his whole face flushed, and indeed I do not believe his eyes had ever rested on anything so fair as this girl in her dark dress, tired and silent, standing there.

"We were told," said I, "that we could have lodging here; and we should also like some supper."

"Sit down," said Liberty, and he at once disappeared.

So we sat down side by side on an old wooden settle, and it was not many minutes before Margaret's hand stole into mine. I looked at her with apprehension, and to my surprise she said clearly and boldly:

"I am not afraid. I am only hungry."

The woman looked at her.

"Is she your daughter?" she asked.

"My niece," I promptly answered.

"She doesn't favor you," said she, and there was again silence.

After what seemed to us a very long time a man looking like a Presbyterian clergyman in a miner's clothes came in, and in his turn stared at us, gave a little nod, and he went out. Then the woman arose, took two plates from a closet, two cups and saucers and began to prepare a table for us. She spread no cloth, and she put the bacon and potatoes which she fried together upon our plates, dispensing with the formality of a meat dish. The coffee pot she pulled forward, poured some water on what was already in it and let it boil. She put bread and butter and some pickled tripe on the table and bade us come and eat. And it was not ill flavored to us. The coffee was flat and bitter, and neither one of us would have ordered fried bacon from a bill of fare; but it was all hot, and we were so in need of food, having had nothing to eat since a hasty noon meal, that the mere nourishment was comforting and helpful.

Then when we had finished the woman lighted two candles, and we arose and followed her to two reasonably clean bedrooms on the other side of the hall. After she had left us we sat down and talked.

Now that we were in Tiger hill we had no idea what to do or where to turn. But we agreed that we had best be silent, and say nothing of Jack until we knew what we should say, and to whom we should say it.

"In the morning," said I, "we will see the place and learn something of the people. There must be some one in authority here, and some one who has some sense of law. The very gossip may tell us where Jack is, and just what has happened. In the meantime we have come because I am interested in the mines, and you are my niece—as indeed, dear child, from this moment you must be."

And Margaret, leaning over, took my hand and kissed it, but I drew it away and laid it on her pretty head, and prayed to God that she might in this adventure be kept from harm and from sorrow.

And indeed it was but a few hours after that there was need of an instant answer to this prayer.

I had been asleep about an hour when suddenly I awakened. It seemed to me that something had happened to arouse me, but everything was perfectly still. The stars were now shining; I heard an owl hoot and the cry of a lonely cricket. I was just falling off to sleep again when the very skies seemed rent by a woman's scream. The sound was not in the house, it was far off and in the open air, but I instantly knew it was Margaret's voice.

Out of bed I sprang and into her room, which was empty, and her cloth[illegible] was gone. [illegible] stood her little satchel and a few toilet articles. It took me but a moment to fling on my clothes and dash out of the hall, dark house, and here and there I ran, trying to find some token of her, but I did not call nor speak. I am not young, but I am strong. I have been a man of temperate, athletic habits, and I have the use of a body nearly six feet in height, well knit, well kept, and when I carried fewer years I asked nothing of my strength or endurance that I did not get. But at this moment I thought of neither strength nor weakness, but I sped on, meaning to find my precious charge. I fell down, I ran into trees, I plunged into water, I tripped over stones, but nothing baffled me, and my speed was little broken. Then as I ran I became aware of sounds inarticulate, almost inaudible, which were those of the human being, and I knew I must be near a camp of some kind.

Silently, cautiously now I went, listening and following the sounds, which grew more and more distinct, and yet not intelligible, when without expecting it I suddenly came upon a sight that made my heart almost stop beating, so horrified was I! There in the light of a fire stood Margaret, in the center of some ten or fifteen ruffians. Her hat was gone, her hair was down and a shawl was fastened about her, pinioning her arms. But never saw I a girl more thoroughly angry than she, and never have I heard a more hideous jargon than these men spoke to each other. I saw that she had been brought to the entrance of a mine, and that not far off were some huts and sheds. Fortunately I was back in the shadow of the rocks, and I stood still, waiting to see what would happen and what I could do. At the moment I was powerless to do more than preserve my own freedom. It was evident that Margaret understood as little as I did what the men said, but she held herself with an erect, tense air in which there was more temper than fear.

Just then the clerical gentleman who had inspected us earlier in the night came out of the sheds, and when he perceived the plight into which Margaret had been brought he went hastily to her, and without a second's delay unfastened the shawl and freed her.

"I do not know what they meant by this. Have they hurt you?"

Margaret held out her white round wrists, on which there were red lines.

"They know so little of American girls," said she, "that they thought this would frighten me."

"You have reason enough for fright," he returned, "without any such treatment."

"I have no expectation of being afraid," said she; "and if you command this band you have, let me tell you, sir, a precious set of rascals under you."

"You need not be saucy," he replied. "It will pay you better to be honest, and tell me who sent you here."

"Surely you know all I can tell you! Where is the woman of the house in which we lodged? I suppose she is your accomplice. When she called me out of my room and asked me if I had a friend here I was frank and told her. Ask her if you want to know."

"Softer, softer, my dear," he said. "You look very pretty when you scold, but you'd better be uglier and wiser."

"Where is the woman?" asked Margaret.

"She has gone home to lock your uncle in his room, to keep him from taking cold in the night air."

Margaret turned her head away, as though she meant to say she was done with him.

I adored her for her courage, but I ardently desired she might not anger him. But he treated her as though she was a petulant child, and asked her questions, from which I soon gathered that they suspected us of being spies in the employ of the owners of the mines, men spoke to each other. I saw that she had been brought to the entrance of to me that they had founded all this in some confused story to which the man constantly alluded, but to which Margaret had of course no clew. And I also understood that they had laid a trap of some kind to get Margaret away by herself, hoping to wring a confession from her, and that the woman of the house had assisted them. The girl answered boldly enough, and finally said that we were friends of Mr. Lewis, and had come to be of use to him. When this was translated to the men, who never moved their eyes from the faces of the two speakers, they brutally laughed, and she for the first time lost her perfect command of herself.

There was one little man who wore a fur cap, and he displayed his knowledge of English by occasionally crying out: "Tyrant! Slave! Push ahead!" When he heard the name of Lewis he shrugged his shoulders and gave an idiotic jump into the air. It was as much as I could do not to go out and shake the little monster, but I had sense enough to keep silent and quiet. Yet it was hard work—the hardest I ever did! They bullied a confession, as they grew more and more convinced that she was baffling them. They mistook her innocence for assurance, her courage for obstinacy, but they did not touch her.

Then Margaret suddenly drew her shawl closer around her shoulders. "I am cold," she said; "and I am tired. I wish you would have more wood thrown on the fire and give me a seat by it." The little man, when this was translated, made a reply that was in turn translated to her, and it was that they would make up the fire and bring her a seat in the middle of it. The dreadful brutality of this made her cheek pale, yet she said not a word, but turned and walked to the fire and sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, which was evidently drawn there for a seat. For a moment her whole body relaxed, and she looked as if she could bear no more. She put out her hands to the now low fire, but in a moment rested her head on her hand like a tired child. Then she drew herself together, looked up, and did the most astonishing thing.

She began to sing—to sing in a clear, sweet, thrilling voice, which vibrated with passionate intention.

If an angel from heaven had alighted, and in his dazzling attire had stood in their midst, the men could not have been more startled, more electrified. They stood silent still gazing at her. But she gave no heed to them, but sang louder and clearer until her voice seemed to fill the air, making it pulsate with enchantment. For what was she singing? Ah, for what was she not singing! For life, for help, for freedom, and, though she knew it not, for love. Her song went soaring to the skies, and prayed to be saved from these cruel men, and it came back to earth, and begged them to be human, and not to be as the beasts, hungry for prey.

She sang like one inspired, and her whole heart went out in the story. "Angels ever bright and fair, take, oh, take me to your care!" and the song seemed born of the night and of peril! And then, behold, from one of the huts there was a great cry, and out there rushed a man, torn, weak, bandaged, and he looked wildly about him, and seeing her he ran to her and fell prone on the ground at her side. And she lifted him, and [illegible] him, and then from my hiding place and hurried to them, and I took Jack from her and laid him down, thinking he was dead, but he opened his eyes and feebly smiled. So I sat down on the grass and held him, and Margaret knelt by him, and they looked each into the eyes of the other.

But around us there was a hubbub of confusion and quarrelling, and knives flashed and the leader pushed back one and threatened another, and the noise grew greater and greater, and fierce, but Margaret and Jack were like people safe in a lagoon, careless of the raging storm outside. But the leader turned, holding one man by the throat, and he cried, "Sing! If you value your lives let the girl sing!"

For a moment Margaret faltered. She feared for us as she never had for herself, and she gasped as though her breath was gone, putting her hand to her throat. Then she sprang to her feet and she sang. It was a wild, fierce song like a battle cry, and she now and then clapped her hands together with a ringing sound, and she flung out her arms, looking like a prophetess calling her people to follow her to war. And then all those men struck in with a solemn slow measure that was like the tramp of feet, and their eyes flashed as they drew close together and nearer to her.

When she ended they came crowding around her, and the little man dropped on his knees and kissed the hem of her gown, and from that moment we were safe. For the song was one of their own, and an outcry against the oppressors of their country; and Margaret, who studied the songs of the peoples of the earth as others do the language, knew it, and knew how to sing it.

And so she sang through the night, sitting on the log with her hand in Jack's as he rested against me. She sang everything—gay songs and doleful, ballads, opera arias, hymns and dances. The men sat around the blazing fire, and their eyes were soft and sometimes they laughed, and every now and then they would burst into a chorus of their own. And the leader lay close to the fire and slept. Never in their lives had these men, I fancy, been more innocently happy, and never had they heard singing that so delighted them. When the dawn was coming and we stood up, we men wondering in our hearts whether, now that the spell was broken, we would be allowed to go, but Margaret smiled and held out her hand, and they each kissed it and then went through the woods with us.

When we parted the little man plucked a bunch of goldenrod, and giving it to Margaret, said with a friendly smile, "Push ahead."

We took his advice, and knowing there was an early train away, although it was going in the wrong direction, we went at once to the station, and when it came we took it, and all went into the baggage car, because Jack looked not only like a hero of the prize ring, but a most forlorn and neglected one.

And now need I tell how we stopped at the first town, and rested and made Jack presentable, and then traveled home in bliss and content, but that Jack and I did all the talking while Margaret smiled at us? She was not too [illegible] for that. And need I say how I got my son and lost my assistant editor and my niece, but had a daughter instead? And how Margaret paid for our lives with her singing voice, which had not come back to us all outward story—how often Hale had heard it? Ask him!

THE END.

Every Home should Have it.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Pain-Tine Pain Oil in the house you have a physician always at hand, it kills rheumatism, neuralgia, burns, bruises and all aches and pains. Price 25 cents.

There are a few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them. Pain-Tine Cough and Consumption cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. Trial bottle free at Frank Foster's drug store.

—Subscribe for the MINER.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If you want the address of your paper changed, give the old address as well as the new one.

If you want your paper stopped, pay up what is due, otherwise you will continue to receive it, as the paper is sent to you whether you take it from the office or not.

If you do not get the paper regularly, let us know. We want every subscriber to get the paper and the trouble is with the mails when just reported.

☞ Remember that for 40 cts we send the MINER and Philadelphia Weekly PRESS one year.

Keeping Milk Sweet.

The length of time which milk can be kept in a condition of freshness as when just drawn from the cow is a very limited one at the longest, depending as it does on the general temperature, and especially on that of the place where the milk is stored. In sultry summer days, with electrical disturbances, milk will often sour in a few hours in a comparatively cool place. Even in cold, freezing weather its change from sweetness to sour and bitter is only a question of a few days, and its freshness as new milk is very much sooner lost. There is scarcely anything more susceptible to the influence of mould, foul odors and unfavorable temperatures and conditions than milk, and one person is about as competent to determine the length of its keeping qualities by actual experiment as another. Nothing can be safely put into milk to preserve it. The best method of keeping it sweet in a field state is to treat it in the same way that fruits are canned. In this way it may be preserved sweet for a long time, but it will lose the freshness of newly drawn milk. It should be put up in glass bottles and be stored in a dark, cool room.

On this subject Hoard's Dairyman advises when handling milk for long keeping to pour it from one vessel to another, or by other means of agitation cool it down to about 55 or 60 degs. before putting it into ice water. The more the milk is agitated while cooling up to the point of safety from churning it the less liable is the butter fat to separate, and as a consequence the better it will be in transportation to the cheese factory or a[illegible]

Drying Fruit.

At a meeting of California horticulturists, where the subject of drying fruits was discussed, the members generally expressed themselves as against much doctoring of the fruit, though a judicious use of sulphur was considered beneficial and an aid to the sale of the product. In bleaching the plan is to put the fruit over the fumes of the sulphur directly after cutting, to allow the air no time to blacken it, and leave it in the sulphur from twenty to thirty minutes. If a man expects to make a success of drying fruits he must visit the localities from which the article has been successfully marketed and study the systems employed, said one member. All the speakers advocated the selection of fair fruit for drying, and careful grading and attractive packing.

Tasteless Foundation.

The following questions were asked in The American Bee Journal:

1. How do you fasten foundation starters in brood frames? 2. How do you fasten them in sections? The editor replied: 1. If the top bar of the frames is triangular cut in the upper edge of a pile of the foundation with a sharp knife about an inch from the top edge, and from one end to the other about two inches apart. Then take a sheet and bend each alternate piece thus cut forward, and bend back the other alternate pieces; then these will fit over the thin edge of the V top bar. Press into the wood with a knife, chisel or any suitable tool. 2. Use a Parker foundation fastener.

Chicken Cholera.

[illegible] always be kept convenient where the fowls can help themselves.

Wheat contains a larger per cent. of albumen than any other grain, and for this reason is one of the best to feed hens to promote laying. It should not be made an exclusive food, however.

An observant poultryman says that young turkeys invariably choose the dandelion before all other green food.

Felch tells that green ducklings, celery and milk and barley fattened, are fast becoming a substitute for the wild duck and game supply of the country, which are on the fast decline.

Cold and damp are fatal to young turkeys.

Of the varieties of game fowls the duck winged is one of the most beautiful.

Weed your flocks of all superfluous roosters and hens that lay only every other day.

PATTISON'S EXTRA SESSION.

From the Reading Times.

The farmers probably have not forgotten that the present Democratic candidate is the same Robert E. Pattison who, as Governor, insisted upon calling an extra session of the Legislature for a purpose which every man of ordinary intelligence knew to be absolutely nugatory, and that this stupid action cost the State a round half-million dollars. The ostensible purpose of calling this extra session was to have the Legislature make a Congressional apportionment which it had refused to make during the regular session, and which there was not the shadow of a probability that it would make if convened in extra session afterward. Governor Pattison must have been fully aware that, as matters stood, the passage of an apportionment bill was practically impossible. With a Republican Senate and a Democratic House agreement was out of the question. That had been so clearly demonstrated that few well-informed persons in the State believed that the mere fact that they should be called together in extra session would tend in the least to a reconciliation of their differences.

He must have been short sighted indeed if he was unable to perceive that it was not in his power to force a coordinate branch of the government to do a thing which it had over and over again declared, in acts if not in words, that it could not and would not do. Yet he not only plunged recklessly into the attempt, but when he failed, as inevitably he must, he undertook to deprive the members of their pay by vetoing the appropriation for that purpose. If he never realized before that the half million dollars had been worse than wasted he felt it then, and this veto was a vain attempt to hedge. He had opened the doors of the Treasury and offered a premium of $10 a day to members to sit to no purpose and was entitled to no credit whatever for his demagogic attempt to arrest the reckless waste. The whole blame rested upon him, and upon him alone, and nobody could be more indiscreet in his friends than to attempt to defend his great blunder.

ROBERT RAY HAMILTON.

Strangley and capriciously do the fates sometimes deal with their apparent favorites. Who, that closely observing, had a more promising career before Robert Ray Hamilton two years ago? Born of the most illustrious lineage, with wealth and social position, and already winning honors as a political leader, love linked him with a disreputable criminal, and an unusual sense of honor kept him in her bonds beyond his duty; and, fleeing from the scenes that had known him to begin a new career in the West, he met a pathetic and lonely death. A weird, dark romance; and yet so full of human interest that it will thrill the world that knew him, whenever his name is mentioned, for many a year to come.—*N. Y. Press.*

McKean County Miner

[illegible]

[illegible]

Smethport, Pa., Oct. 3, 1890.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

...n County Mirror
...sport Pa., Oct 3, 1890.

...AND GENERAL

...Quarter session next week.

...genuine ice of last...

...the Franklin Club to...

...the week is better than any drop...

...remedy for rheumatism is...

...poor persons in this...

...Daily papers published...

...Clark has eight in boarders...

...Hill sells...

...opening first and will...

...suited for...

...Williamsport Com...

...going to finishing...

...the new B. & O. depot.

...row leaf of theor is scant or...

...Thompson pond Wednesday...

...—No man should deprive his wife and family of a good local paper. They do not go out from home to learn the news as does the husband and father, and the paper serves to relieve the otherwise...hours of his absence. It is the worst possible economy to deprive the family of a local paper.

...—Good for the Pennsylvania Railroad! The passenger train on the Johnstown & Uniontown R. R. now runs to and starts from Ridgway. That is correct entirely, and as it should be. The people are all happy over it.—*Ridgway Democrat.* Now if the W. N. & P. company will run a train on the road in connection with the aforesaid train a good many more people would be happy.

The annual fall and dance of the ...gregation of St. Elizabeth's at 10 o'clock Church will open at the opera house on Monday evening next and will continue throughout the week. Efforts of the ...ety are certainly to be crowned by a full measure of enjoyment be it more or ...ll who attend. Admittance of the ...will be ...cents. Prof. Mills orch...tra will furnish the ...for dancing.

...—Jacob Strouse, an employee at the Bell Lewis and Dixon Mining Company was killed in the mines at Reynoldsville nearly two years ago and since that time Mrs. Strouse has been struggling to support herself and child unaided. Through the efforts of Mrs. Bell, of the mining company, the name of Mrs. Strouse was finally placed on the list and for one year at $20 per month. A very much [illegible]

...that Everson's store got to be one of the institutions of Smethport was a fair index of the business ability of the proprietor. He began in Smethport as a clerk in the store of Mr. Hamlin and when Mr. Hamlin moved to New York and Mr. Everson succeeded to the business he was a young man and while I was waiting, the other day, for a negro to shave me I was interested in watching the colored citizens of Smethport as they came in for the latest news. Each one spoke to Mr. Everson in a pleasant manner before the conversation had gone far enough for the clerk address himself to the customer. Their own children are treated with that same courtesy and kindness and when they grow to be men and women they will remember the treatment they received in Everson's store and will patronize it. Politeness and courtesy to customers is a valuable stock in trade for any merchant and Mr. Everson has a large share of it.

...—Mr. Mack, who had the contract for making other improvements on the ... has completed the ... on the ... street.

...—Everything seems to be going ... in Smethport and it will be doubtless ... before the News ...

...—The paper mill shut down Monday ... to allow the employees to attend the ... at which blew out ...

...—Buck's Xmas ... Knife Illustrations of Colgate's ... and at Gee's on the ... of each ...

...—Nothing is finer for young ... about your young people who are members may be seen at a ...

...—Remember that Mr. Weeden's hair ... will have ... for the year for ... and the steel ... will have ... to larger ...

...—An interesting discussion will be ... of the meeting of the P. A. E. ... Society evening. Very many ... should be present.

...—During the ... and Allegany ... will cover with excursion tickets from ... at a rate of only ...

...—Any violation of the law newspapers ... right to ... it according to ... is out of the County Horse at this ... is this right?

...—Our Smethport people went ... and on the Earl ... Block ... with Monday and Tuesday ... Almost ... were ...

...—Many country farmers would ... if they would ... to make ... of their ... and ... Many ... have ... failure until ...

...—I. D. Nichols has ... his store ... and has the premises ... new ... so that ... can be ... better ... on it, then ... and substantial ... will ... Smethport and will no doubt ...

...—Hamlin shut down Mon... ... to allow the employees to attend the Democratic blow out ...

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...—Hamlin shut down Mon... ... to allow the employees to attend the ... at which blew

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We are prepared to furnish the people of this and all surrounding towns with

FRESH MEAT,

HAM, SAUSAGES,

Kept Meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c., &c.

ALSO

VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

A FIRST-CLASS LINE OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

A Full Line of

CANNED GOODS

Highest market price paid to Hides and Pelts.

S. W. WILLIAMS & SONS

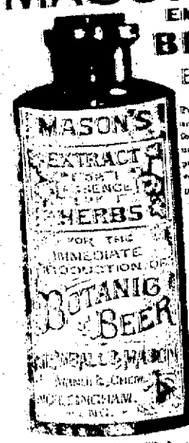
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

A DELIGHTFUL

Sparkling Beverage.

—NON-INTOXICATING.—

MASON'S ENGLISH BEER EXTRACTS.



Prepared quickly and easily. Perfect satisfaction in sediment, clean pure and fine the extract, no alcoholic properties.

CHEAP, WHOLESOME AND REFRESHING.

Botanic Beer, Ginger Ale, Hops, Sarsaparilla, Dandelion.

—One Bottle Makes 5 Gals.—

For sale by dealers and druggists everywhere. If not readily obtained from your grocer or druggist, please address a postal to Agency

BUTLER, BREED & CO., Boston, Mass.

EMIL THAMM,

Manufacturer of

CIGARS

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49 MAIN STREET,

SMETHPORT, PA.

WAGON,

Carriage and Blacksmith Shop

WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

Wm. Masser, - Prop'r.

HORSESHOEING

A SPECIALTY.

Particular Care Taken in Shoeing Horses with

Bad Feet!

FIRST-CLASS

BLACKSMITHING!

The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Kenyon, in Mechanicsburg, and has refitted it with new machinery, where he is prepared to do first class blacksmithing and horseshoeing.

HORSESHOEING.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Re-shoeing done.

SLEIGHS

for Lumbering Purposes, with Patent Breaks if the road.

Plant Cures All Ordinary Lameness in Horses Feet and Legs.

CHAS. W. BILLINGHAMS.

Smethport, Nov. 6th, '89.

1890

Wheels up with larger and better than ever.

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N. E. Mechanics' Block, BRADFORD, PA.

I CURE FITS!

When I say I Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS,

a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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A good chance for energetic young men to secure a position in the fall and winter months. Exclusive territory. Outfit free. Address, stating age, experience, &c., to whom we refer, and the very liberal terms you want, at once. Write for the best.

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CASTORIA

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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W. H. WEAVER. 1876—1890. L. EMERY, JR.

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Oil Well Supplies,
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Has been added recently, where you can get a hand made harness on short notice and at a very low price. All kinds of harness parts and hatters in stock

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

EMERY & WEAVER,

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THE BEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED IN SEWING MACHINES.

A $45.00 SEWING MACHINE FOR $15.00

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Including One Year's Subscription to this Paper.

We have made such arrangements as enables us to offer the Unrivaled

Singer Sewing Machines

At lower rates than ever before for a first-class machine, and we offer our readers the benefit of the unprecedented bargain.

This machine is made after the latest models of the Singer machines and is a perfect facsimile in shape, construction and appearance. All its wearing parts are made to gauge and are exactly the same shape and size as those of previously the highest priced machines.

The attachments are numerous, and the operation of the machine is so simple that any person can run it after a few minutes' instruction.

The cabinet case is provided with the very best quality of drop leaves and every machine is thoroughly tested and is fitted with the latest and most improved needles and attachments. When a belt is required, a new one will be furnished free of charge. Every machine is guaranteed by the manufacturers for five years, and by us for one year. It has the automatic bobbin winder, self-threading shuttle, self-setting needle, self-regulating tension, self-adjusting pitman, and self-acting lifter. It runs light, is very rapid, and is noiseless and durable. It makes the genuine lock stitch, alike on both sides, and will do the widest range of work, from the finest muslin to the heaviest cloth, using all sizes of needles, silk, cotton or linen thread.

Each Machine of Whatever Style, is Furnished with the Following Attachments:

1 SCREW DRIVER,	6 HEMMERS, all different widths,	1 SLIDE DRIVER,
1 OIL CAN,	1 WRENCH,	1 GAUGE SCREW,
1 PACKAGE NEEDLES,	1 THREAD CUTTER,	1 SET OF KEYS,
1 SCREW DRIVER,	1 BINDER,	1 INSTRUCTION BOOK.
1 HEMAN PLATE.	1 HEMMER,	

The driving wheel on this machine is provided with the latest improved balance wheel, which runs the machine with great ease and rapidity. The stitch regulator is very simple, and is attached to the shuttle carrier, and is therefore always in operation. The tension is easily regulated, and is attached to a separate thumb screw. The shuttle is of the most improved pattern, and carries a full bobbin. The bobbin winder is attached to the balance wheel, and runs independently of the machine. The machine is provided with a self-threading device, which is very simple, and is attached to the shuttle carrier. The shuttle is of the most improved pattern, and carries a full bobbin. The bobbin winder is attached to the balance wheel, and runs independently of the machine. The machine is provided with a self-threading device, which is very simple, and is attached to the shuttle carrier.

Numerous Testimonials from Subscribers Using this Machine

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I received your premium sewing machine in good order and am well pleased with it. Ordered it just ago and am well pleased with it. Ordered it just ago and am well pleased with it. Ordered it just ago